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## DOING AND DREAMING.

IN our multifarious correspondence there is a class of letters capable of more extended application than the writers imagine. These letters are confidential communications, generally from young men discontented with their position in life, and anxious for advice as to how they may contrive to emerge into circumstances better adapted to their tastes and genius. Almost all of them state frankly the reason why they have been induced in this emergency to address themselves to the 'Journal;' and that reason is, that it is the Journal which has touched with unwonted light 'the sleeping images of things,' which has stirred up their ideas from the bottom, and imparted a restlessness to their minds that seeks to relieve itself in some new course of action. Such, however, is not declared to be the effect of the mere expansion of mind brought about through the agency of literature; it refers more particularly to the authentic pictures we delight to give of the successful struggles of merit, and the rise of lofty and heroic spirits into power and fame, in spite of the adverse circumstances of fortune. Musing on these histories, warmed into generous enthusiasm, and stirred with emulative ardour, our inexperienced readers mistake the vague and romantic yearnings of youth for the throes of genius, and fancy that all they want to arrive at distinction is to be set upon the path.

Now we are not opposed to a moderate indulgence of the imagination: we think, on the contrary, that it tends to good. The inner life of a man is as important as his outer life; and the former, like the latter, must have its moments of unbending and recreation. Our dreams of fame may give birth, when the proper circumstances arrive, to action calculated to assist in realising them; and in the meantime they serve at odd moments to refine as well as amuse, and to float the free spirit above the cares and vulgarities of life. But the danger is, that this may go too far; that the dreamer may conceive a distaste or contempt for his ordinary avocations; and that, in fancying future greatness, he may neglect the sources of present comfort and respectability. It is therefore worth while to consider whether the vague aspirations alluded to afford any evidence of our being really superior to our present employment, and calculated to shine in another.

What has been the course of those remarkable persons who have risen from poverty and obscurity to be the cynosures of the world? Did their minds wander about in search of suitable employment? Did they feel an indistinct consciousness that they *could* do something, if they only knew what it was? Did they ask their way of the passers-by to the temple of fame or fortune? No such thing. They did their appointed work not only without aid and without a question, but

in defiance of remonstrance and opposition. If mechanists, they converted into magical rods the humblest tools of the humblest trades; if philosophers, the phenomena of nature were as open to them in a hovel as in a palace; if poets, they poured forth their golden songs from the garret or the plough-tail—

*'They lisped in numbers—for the numbers came.'*

It would seem, in fact, that vagueness and uncertainty are indications of a want of power, and that the very circumstance of a man's asking for advice shows his inability to act upon it.

Let us look into literature for an illustration of what we mean. The profession is thronged by individuals who have no chance, and never had a chance, of success. How does this come about? Through dreaming. They mistook sympathy of taste for sympathy of talent, the power to admire for the power to create, and plunged madly into a business for which they were prepared by no study, and qualified by no natural gifts. The history of persons destined to succeed in literature is different. Their first efforts come from them, as it were, unawares. Doubtfully, timidly, they cast their bread upon the waters, ignorant of the process it will undergo, and incredulous of the form in which it will return to them. But it does return; and in a form which makes their hearts beat and their eyes dazzle—Money! They care not for money abstractedly; but in this case it gives them assurance that the coinage of their brain bears a distinct value in the estimation of their fellow-men. God bless that first guinea! No after-fortune can compare with it. The most intellectual of us all may sink gradually into the peddling, shopkeeping propensities of social man; but in the midst of the very basest vulgarities of life, we return proudly—and some tearfully—to the recollection of our first guinea!

Literature, as Sir Walter Scott has observed, should be used as a staff, not as a crutch. Remarkably few are able to make it the sole means of a respectable livelihood. At the very least, no rational person would embark in literature as a profession without having previously ascertained whether he had the power to live by it. With definite and manly *plans* we have of course no fault to find—let such be formed, and receive due examination; but what we allude to is that unsettled cloudy state of the mind which unfits us for the present without having any influence upon the future. This state of the mind is more common and more fatal in youth than is usually supposed; and it is not the less so from its being induced by a mere mistake, which confounds the capability of doing with the habit of dreaming.

Again, we find from the history of men who have risen from obscurity to eminence, that although they may be, in the common phrase, 'the architects of their own

fortunes,' they are not the contrivers of those circumstances which have placed them in the way of fortune. While apparently preparing for what is to come, they are in reality merely following the bent of their own inclinations, till they are sucked, either gradually or suddenly, as it may happen, into the current of events. This is another lesson for dreamers. Things should be allowed to come about naturally. There should be a patient submission to circumstances; but let the best be made of them, and the rest will follow. If young persons have a consciousness of any taste or talent of a desirable kind, let them cultivate it quietly till the proper opportunity comes, and they find that they can trust to it for their advancement in the world. A remarkable instance may here be mentioned of the sort of fatality which governs the struggling genius. There was once a village lad whose name was Nicolas, and whose dream was Rome. This was no idle dream with him, for he had painted from his childhood. He would paint—he could not help it; and at Paris, to which he found his way, that he might look at better pictures than he could see at home, he copied some engravings from Raphael, which gave a still firmer bent to his genius. A gentleman who admired the arts took him with him to Poitou, from which he returned moneyless, painting his way as he went along, to Paris. He became unwell, and went home to his native place—the village of Andeli on the Seine—and dreamed of Rome as he lay on his sick-bed. When he got better, he actually set out for Rome, and painted his way as far as Florence: but not a step could he get beyond that, and he returned almost in despair to Paris. Here at length he accidentally found a patron, who encouraged him to turn his face once more towards Italy; and in 1624 he did arrive at Rome. The result is thus told:—'Here Nicolas lived for a long time, miserably poor, but supremely happy; starving his body, and banqueting his mind. He fell in with a sculptor called François Flamand, whose circumstances were similar to his own, and these two lived and laboured in a corner together, surrounded by the dreams and monuments of genius, and stealing out every now and then to sell their works for any pittance that ignorance would bid or avarice afford. But the pictures of Nicolas at length began to attract attention; and the humble artist was drawn from his solitude. This change of fortune went on; for although poverty or envy may retard the rise of genius for a time, when once risen, any attempt to repress it, however powerful, is like opposing a tempest with a fan. Every tongue was now busy with the new painter's name; every eye was fixed upon his face or his works; all Rome was shaken with his fame. This was soon told at Paris; and he who on former occasions had travelled thither a lonely, friendless, half-starving youth, was led to the capital of France in triumph, and overwhelmed by Cardinal Richelieu and the king with honours and distinctions. After the minister's death, he returned to Rome, and died there in the seventy-first year of his age, leaving the illustrious name of Nicolas Poussin a rich and glorious legacy to his country.'

It occasionally happens that the present business of our clients is of a nature which they think beneath their merits, and obstructive of their aspirations. In a state of incipient rebellion against their present employment, they long to be something else. A young draper, heart-sick of the counter, asks our advice—a teacher in a country school is dying to be a man of letters. We have no patience with these dreamers. Why will they not let things take their course? Earnest all the time in their respective callings, there can be no objection to their looking out for opportunities of advancement. For our part we should like as well as anybody to better our condition; and indeed sometimes, when we see public affairs going wrong, we have a wonderful notion of a seat in the cabinet! But after all, as there must be a variety of

employments, and people to fill them, the best way to manage is for each of us to *deserve* promotion, and hold fast by what we have got till we get something better. It is not the employment that makes us respectable, but our conduct in it. A footman on the stage, whose sole business is to deliver a message, has not a very dignified occupation; but nevertheless we expect him to get through it with intelligence and propriety; and if he fails to do so, from any notion that the part is beneath him, he becomes at once an object of indignation or contempt. This footman may be the author of the piece, or he may be capable of writing a better one; but the fact has nothing to do with his personation of the character which is his actual share of the performance.

And this brings us to a point at which our homely may conclude. The supposed capabilities of a man for another employment should never have the effect of making him despise or neglect his present one, however humble it may be. If it is worth our while to do a thing at all, it is surely worth our while to do it well. If there be any false shame on the subject, it ought to be banished by the reflection, that there are vast numbers of men of worth and talent superior to ours labouring, and labouring cheerfully, at still meaner employments. Besides, it should ever be borne in mind that, even in comparatively obscure situations in life, there may be, and is, the greatest earthly happiness. By a due culture of the faculties, by refining the sentiments, a common blacksmith may enjoy a satisfaction of mind equal to that of the greatest man in the parish. One who values genius merely as a means of advancement in the world, cannot know or feel what genius is. Yet on this false estimate are based a great proportion of the dreams which disturb the existence and fritter away the energies of youth. It is not spiritual, but temporal glory for which the common visionary pants; it is not the souls of men he desires to take captive, but merely their pockets: the paradise which opens to his mind's eye beyond the counter is composed of fine houses, gay dresses, and luxurious meals. The meanness of such aspirations enables us to say, without compunction, that he who indulges them no more possesses the intellectual capabilities he fancies, than he is likely to enjoy the substantial rewards of industry and perseverance.

#### THE HOUSE AND ITS VARIETIES.

THE dwellings of mankind possess one peculiarity unknown to those of any other order in the animated creation—namely, a boundless variety in their form, fashion, and materials. All other creatures construct their dwellings on the assigned plan of their species, which appears to be as certain and limited as the rest of their instincts: one lion's den exactly resembles another, and the nest of every lark is the same; time and generations make no change on their architecture: the Alpine vulture still builds his eyry in the cleft of the rocky precipice in the very form described by Pliny; and petrified nests of swallows have been found in the ruins of Petra resembling in every straw those attached to our hamlet eaves. Even such animals as display the greatest share of what may be designated the constructive instincts, act under the same law of perpetual uniformity. The tailor-bird never thinks of sewing another storey to the slender fabric of leaves and grass its active bill has appended to the boughs of the African palm, nor the bee of giving an additional side to the unvarying six of his honey cells. But what immense dissimilarity prevails in the houses of mankind! Some have been gigantic edifices: for instance, the palace of Nadir Shah, in the ancient city of Delhi, which was said to occupy a space of three square miles. Had his majesty's chamber been situated at one end of it, and his breakfast room at the other, a morning walk out of doors must have been a superfluity. Some, again, have been

specimens of lavish wealth and splendour; such as the celebrated golden house of Nero, in which neither wood nor stone was visible, the very walls and roof being overlaid with gold; and in the centre was an open court surrounding the Temple of Fortune, built of a species of talc or natural glass, which contemporary authors assure us was as clear as crystal, and perfectly transparent.

What a contrast to these temples of despotic vanity is presented by the Hottentot dwellings of South Africa, which consist of a hut, or rather tent, formed of rush mats stretched on a few rude poles, and easily packed upon the back of an ox at any moment the owner may find it expedient to change his locality! The palace of a negro monarch is formed by a circular fence of wattles and clay, enclosing a number of huts built of similar materials, thatched with palm leaves, and provided with doors too low for entrance, except on the hands and knees. Each of the queens-consort is assigned one of these structures, by way of preventing quarrels; and in most cases it is expected the lady will build it for herself as soon as the marriage feast terminates. The dwellings of his courtiers and subjects in general resemble that of their sovereign; and an African capital may be erected in a week, and destroyed in an hour. The homes of our British ancestors, as described by the Roman writers, seem to have been little superior; and the celebrated exclamation of the valiant chief Caractacus, when, in his captivity, he beheld for the first time the wealth and magnificence of Rome, 'How could you, who possess so much, envy me my reed-thatched hut in Britain?' powerfully corroborates their statements. Yet the same country now contains Windsor Castle, Eton Hall, Chatsworth, and innumerable mansions that are reckoned among the most splendid in Europe.

The domestic architecture of different times and nations is indeed strangely diversified according to climate, habits, and civilisation. When the Spanish invaders of South America first reached the banks of the Orinoco, they found them occupied for a considerable distance by a people whom they denominated 'Tree Indians,' from their custom of constructing a kind of hut or cage of wickerwork for their families on the thick and spreading branches of their native trees, in which they lived during the six months of tropical rain in complete inundation, to which their country was subject; having laid up a small stock of provisions during the dry season, and dropping down, when the weather permitted, by a rope of cocoa-nut fibre to the canoe always made fast below, in search of whatever else the rainy season afforded. Almost at the opposite extremity of the world, the Icelander constructs his habitation with an outer wall of turf, about six feet thick and four high, enclosing its various divisions: on one side, generally facing the south, are three doors, painted red, which respectively open to the smithy, cow-house, and family residence. The latter consists of a long narrow passage with apartments on each side. Every chamber has a separate roof, and is lighted by a small pane of glass, or more commonly talc, four or five inches in diameter. Several families frequently inhabit the same house, and all their members find nightly rest in one apartment, which is also the general refectory. The citizens of Bantam, a town of Java, adopt a similar construction, but suited to their southern latitude. Each hut, or rather family group of huts, which are built somewhat in the African style, have a circle of cocoa-nut-trees planted round them, with a strong bamboo fence outside, by which the inhabitants are completely separated from their neighbours; and the town at a distance resembles a forest.

Many of the houses in the capital of Borneo Proper, which is situated on a spit of estuary, are built on rafts moored to the shore, so as to rise and fall with the tide; and the Dyaks in the same island hang up human skulls, by way of ornament, over the entrance of their dwellings. The houses of the Finlanders are

usually constructed of fir-trees, rudely squared by the axe, and laid, with a thin layer of moss between, upon each other: the ends, instead of being cut off, are generally left projecting beyond the sides of the building, and have a most savage and slovenly appearance. The roof is also of fir, sometimes stained red. The windows are frequently cut out with the axe after the sides of the house are raised.

The Kamtschatdales have two kinds of habitations—one for winter, and the other for summer. The winter habitations are sunk some feet under the ground; the walls are formed of trees laid over each other; the roof is made slanting, and covered with coarse grass or rushes. The interior consists of two rooms, with a large lamp fed with train oil, and placed so as to warm both rooms, and at the same time to answer the purposes of cookery. These houses are frequently large enough to contain two or three families, and fifty persons have been known to take up their abode in one of them. In that case, the dirt, smell, and soot issuing from the lamp are such as only a Kamtschatdale could endure. The summer house is supported on pillars, which raise it to the height of twelve or thirteen feet from the ground. These posts support a platform made of rafters, and covered with clay, which serves as a floor, whence the house ascends in the form of a cone, roofed with thatch. This apartment composes the whole habitation, and here all the family eat and sleep. The object of this singular construction is to have a space sheltered from the sun and rain, yet open to the air, in which their fish may be hung up and dried. It is afforded by the rude colonnade which supports these structures, and to their ceilings the fish are attached. Such is the style of building practised at the north-east extremity of Asia; nor are the popular fashions of its southern nations much in advance of this. The dwellings of their kings and satraps indeed exhibit a degree of magnitude and splendour for which nothing but the ruler's unlimited power over the inhabitants and resources of his country could account. This is more especially observable in the ancient palaces, whose vast ruins, now left in desert solitude, evince to the far-exploring traveller from Europe at once the former power and deep decline of the Asiatic monarchies. The palace of Chilmimar in Persia, though long roofless, still stands a mighty monument of Eastern architecture. The walls are constructed of blocks of gray marble, apparently without cement; and a marble staircase, wide enough to admit ten horsemen riding abreast, leads from the lower to the upper divisions. In the before-mentioned palace of Delhi there are still to be seen the remains of a vast covered balcony, called the Hall of Justice, the walls of which were covered with pictures representing groups of animals, fruit and flowers, entirely formed of stones of various colours, according to those of the objects represented; and in the central group was the figure of the artist, who executed the whole in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and was said to be a European. But the ordinary habitations of the East, which, like the usages of Eastern life, have remained the same for centuries, are but little indebted to comfort, and less to elegance. The well-known division of the harem exists only in the mansions of the rich and powerful, which, at least in Mohammedan countries, are generally constructed in the fashion introduced into Spain by the Moors of Granada, and still seen among the old houses of the peninsular towns—walls without windows to the street; a flat roof; and a small open court in the centre, into which all the apartments open and windows look.

It is curious to remark that the city of Bagdad, so splendid in the Arabian Nights and other tales of our childhood, at the present day consists of brick houses but one storey in height, and provided with a subterranean flat in the form of cellars, to which the inhabitants retire in the extreme heat of summer. The subjects of the Birman empire are obliged by their government to employ nothing but wood and bamboo cane in the construction of their houses, in order that the



burning of towns by the enemy (which appears to be of frequent occurrence) may be less felt by the public. The Siamese have their habitations supported on pillars of considerable height, their outgoings and incomings being facilitated by a ladder, which is drawn up when circumstances make it expedient to cut off the communication. Most of our readers are acquainted with the fact, that great numbers of the Chinese reside in junks on their great rivers and canals, and whole generations are born, grow old, and die, floating on the waters. But even in the great cities of China domestic accommodations are on the following average:—The dwelling is generally surrounded by a wall six or seven feet high; and within this enclosure a whole family of three generations, with all their respective wives and families, will frequently be found. One small room is made to serve for the individuals of each branch of the family, sleeping in different beds, divided only by mats hanging from the ceiling; and one common room is used for eating.

Asia, however, affords specimens of the house kind which, though rarely in use among modern generations, have at least the advantage of singular durability—we allude to the rock-hewn habitations taken notice of by all European travellers. The famous city of Petra in Arabia has been the theme of admiration and astonishment to all the tourists of recent times; but another town, apparently far more ancient, and of greater extent still, exists in the north of Afghanistan, and is known throughout the East by the name of Bamecan. The city consists of a great number of apartments cut out of the solid rock. It is said that in many of them the walls are adorned with paintings, which look still fresh after centuries of desertion and solitude; some of them are adorned with niches and carved work. There are supposed to be more than twelve thousand of such habitations in Bamecan: the country of the Affghans abounds with them; but the natives, who are mostly Mohammedans, entertain a superstitious prejudice against inhabiting such homes. They have old traditions which declare them to have been the first habitations of mankind; and that strange city is casually mentioned by some of the classic authors: yet by whom its rocky abodes were excavated, who were its inhabitants, or what their history—all has passed from the recollection of the world, and exists only in fabulous or uncertain tales.

The ancient homes of the world were almost in every point dissimilar to those of modern nations: among the polished Greeks and Romans the houses of the wealthier classes were constructed with a portico in front, which opened into a large apartment intended for the reception of visitors, with its roof sloping down to the centre, in which there was a large square opening for the rain to run into a cistern, placed below for that purpose. Beyond this apartment were the rooms for family use: all the decorations of our walls with them took the form of marble; mosaic floors occupied the place of our Brussels carpets in classic estimation; and the most fashionable style for a dining-room was the representation in stone of crumbs and fragments of a feast; and apartments so finished were appropriately designated 'unswept halls.' Nor must it be forgotten that a Roman bedroom, though inlaid with coloured marble, had rarely, if ever, a window—a custom which appears rather to have originated in some mistaken idea than the deficiency of glass, which was comparatively well-known in those ages, and seems to have been used for ornamental purposes. Pliny speaks of glassy chambers; and Cardinal Maximen records that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, as some workmen were digging on the ruins on Mount Cælius, they found a room belonging to an antique dwelling-house, the walls of which were covered with plates of glass, some of them tinged with various colours, others of their own natural hue. In the early days of Rome, any attempt at splendour in building or decoration appears to have been very unpopular; and a consul who found his new house

in this respect displeasing to his countrymen, demolished the fabric in a single night, in hopes of regaining their approbation. The abode does not appear, from this circumstance, to have been very substantial; but the remains of Roman dwellings which Italy still presents, prove how far the public mind had changed with the progress of wealth and time. The fashion of building storey above storey, though almost peculiar to Europe, was early introduced, as we find a law of Augustus prohibiting the erection of houses above the height of seventy feet, or about six of our modern storeys.

In relief to those lofty buildings and far old times, the less civilised nations of the earth still practise some curious modes of construction in their houses. The natives of Samar, one of the Philippine Islands, weave large wicker cages for themselves of bamboo, the floors of which are raised some feet from the ground, to allow the free circulation of air in that torrid clime; and the natives of New Guinea, who build in a similar fashion, secure their whole property, usually consisting of hogs, in the space below.

Some nations live entirely in tents—as the Bedouin Arabs, the Kourds, and the Calmuc Tartars; the aborigines of New Holland have no houses at all; but in this respect, as well as in others of equal importance, they seem to merit the designation of the French naturalist, who called them 'the lazzaroni of their species.' The variety in human abodes seems as endless as that of human character: none of them can indeed shut out misfortune; but after this somewhat lengthened survey, we presume the great majority of our readers will agree in the fact, that a comfortable British home, belonging to any of the industrious classes, is, like our country, with all its faults, preferable to most others; which conscientious conviction winds up for the present our notice of 'The House.'

#### ASHORE IN CALCUTTA.

In the outset of my sailor-life, when alive to curious foreign scenes, I do not remember being so much amused with any place as Calcutta, with its blended European and Eastern character. During a stay of seven weeks in the Hoogly, we had several holidays, on which the hands on board were allowed to go ashore, and our visits to the town, old and new, were productive of much merriment. Our first trip is vividly impressed on my recollection.

At four bells of the forenoon watch, ten o'clock by harbour counting, the decks had all been washed down and breakfast got over; a luxurious breakfast it was, too, every morning in our Indian life—a bunch of exquisite bananas, fresh butter in a plantain leaf, and 'soft tack' instead of hard biscuit, with fresh buffalo beef cold, and the ship's tea. Very different from our fare at sea! And from the cook to the cabin boy, each might have all of this that was additional to allowance for little more than a penny—on credit too. The bread was in little cup-shaped rolls, newly baked, and brought off in Rahmoun's trading boat: the buffalo beef had only the drawback of being without fat, and white from the absence of the blood, which the Mussulman butchers, like the Jews, thoroughly abstract. After breakfast we washed ourselves carefully, those who required it shaved; and for the first time I took my best blue jacket, white duck trousers, and blue cloth cap with a gold band, and put them on before a little looking-glass fixed to the half-deck ladder. We eight apprentices dressed that day like midshipmen of a London ship. The fore-mastmen were already assembled at the windlass, in regular Jack-tar style, with tarpaulin hats made and painted by themselves in many a watch below during the voyage. The captain and mates were at the capstan, the former with a box of rupees, just got from the agent ashore. First the men went aft, and received five or eight rupees each, according to their wishes; then we advanced and got two or three, the latter sum amounting to about six-and-sixpence at the time. The men went off in a

native tow-boat; as for us, we were committed to the leadership of the eldest of our number, and by means of boats, hailed for the purpose, we got ashore without injury to our finery. Above the landing-place was a group of palanquin-bearers, coolies, and punkah-bedars with their leaf umbrellas, all anxious for our patronage, telling us their names, and apparently desirous of submitting to anything if they could only have an opportunity of preferring their claims. Under the guidance of the old stagers, however, we all marched up in a body past the Sailors' Home, and under the balconies of the nearest houses, shining in the whiteness of their 'chunam' plaster, that contrasted with their large green Venetians and with the trees at hand. We felt our feet firm on the solid earth again, albeit with a weather-roll in our own walk: we were free, with our own wages in our pockets to spend, while the far-famed luxuries of the East lay beyond those buildings, and a shilling here would go as far as five at home: some of us, too, for the first time touched the ground of India. Soon we sallied round the corner from the landing-place into a broad quiet street of large separate houses, where nobody seemed to be stirring; one double line of massive flat-topped mansions running into another, without visible doors, and the upper part full of tall windows carefully shaded; high walls leading from one to another, over which peeped luxuriant foliage, covered with rich flowers of the brightest colours, aromatically fragrant, and hanging still in the intense light. Light dazzled from side to side upon the white stucco; the balustrades of large buildings at a distance, the spire of a flat-roofed church, looked whiter in, as it were, increasing light beyond, that shot through all the openings. There was neither causeway nor pavement, the road being only divided from the foot-walk by a gutter; and at first one or two *bheesties*, or water-carriers, sprinkling the red dust as they went along, from a whole buffalo-skin full of water slung over their backs, appeared the sole passengers. At the next turning, however, we came upon a greater number of figures, all natives or sailors, for nobody else goes out in the daytime or on foot; *hackeries*, or Indian carriages, buggies, and shackling hackney-coaches, driven by parties of half-drunk seamen; palanquins, and coolies holding their parasols over their patrons—all began to be seen streaming along and across. Suddenly the long broad vista of Flag Street, the principal resort of liberty-gangs and strangers, burst upon us full of people. A snake-charmer with his basket was exhibiting to one group, and a black conjuror was lying on the ground making hideous groans of inspiration for pice. Orientals of all kinds—Jew, Malay, Parsee, grave pale-faced Armenian in white robes and high turban; Chinamen with slanting eyes, yellow skin, and gaudy dress; the common Bengalee in his dirty cotton, and the Hindoo clerk in his gauzy-looking fluent garments; the Mussulman with his large variegated caftan, the black Portuguese, and the Pariah with a cloth round his loins: they were swarming in our path, but made way for the boisterous English tars, who became more numerous as we advanced. In Flag Street—so named from the flag-staff at one end—were plenty of European shops, wine-houses, ginger-beer sheds, Portuguese taverns, and a hotel for the gentry. Here was the police-office, with its groups of *chokedars*, or 'chokeys,' as the sailors call them, some of whom we saw trying to lug away a huge delinquent liberty-man to the 'black hole,' while his messmates made a rush which carried him safely off. Stands of palanquins to hire lined the corner of Freetree Bazaar, a row of goldsmiths' and jewellers' shops as fine as any in Bold Street or Lord Street, Liverpool. The palkee-bearers lounged beside their vehicles, or ran grunting and chanting along, four in a band; curious-looking fellows they were, their hair tied up in a knot like women's, their faces marked with red and yellow ochre in a way peculiar to the low-caste workmen, and their naked bodies odorous with cocoa-nut oil.

Everything was delightfully fascinating, bewildering,

and different from anything we had seen before: it was like a vast magic-lantern with innumerable slide-pictures; for the variety of dresses, manners, and people in Calcutta is very great indeed. The preponderance in Flag Street was of westerns, from the Yankee to the Dutchman, skipper, tar, midshipman, and traveller. The natives in this part of the city were chiefly subordinates and hangers-on, with knots of Lascars, and a sepoy or two in their blue uniforms and stiff gray trousers. Here every one seemed ready to cringe to us, and get out of our course. None of those proud lords of Hindoostan, the Company's servants, were visible, except one sallow, bilious-looking face that glanced out of a carriage-window as it rolled past with its turbaned coachman, syces, and running footmen, who cleared the way authoritatively for the great sahib, and the yielding throng appeared to regard themselves as the dust before his wheels. In the first flush of the scene, I was reluctant to lose it for a moment even; but we entered a cool open tavern to drink some ginger-beer and Cape wine. As we sat, a host of little naked brown boys surrounded us with their blacking-brushes to clean our shoes, touching their heads, salaaming, and jabbering, whom it was impossible to get rid of; and I actually had my dusty feet polished three or four times over without vouchsafing a word, in imitation of the nonchalance of my companions, who satisfied them all with a couple of pice—little more than a halfpenny.

We issued forth again. Through Tank Square, a large open space occupied by a reservoir of water surrounded by a stone balustrade, close to St Andrew's Scotch church, we passed along other European thoroughfares, and got gradually into the native parts of the town. Here the throng and population thickened—not bustle, indeed, but confusion, variety, gesticulation, and talking incalculable: the streets suddenly became narrow lanes full of open shops, where the tailors, silk-merchants, and provision-sellers were sitting at work, and the goods were hung out like those in an old-clothes alley of Edinburgh, London, or Liverpool. A profusion of sweetmeats and other eatables there were, to us unpalatable; but all the fruits of India in their alluring novelty, silk handkerchiefs, shells, preserves, the delicious odour of sandal-wood, all attracted us in our progress. The various inhabitants paid us the utmost respect, although here the superior natives were more numerous, and preserved their own dignity, sometimes looking askance at the intrusive European with a jealous eye. In passing along these narrow thoroughfares we were beset by all sorts of dealers, each recommending his wares; declaring, in broken English, that they were the best and cheapest, and that all the other tradesmen were cheats. Our buying any little article was the funniest scene imaginable; for we were assailed with torrents of jargon, and there was a world of squabbling before the shopkeeper could be prevailed on to take a sixth of what he asked; and after all, he was more than paid for his wares.

After making a few purchases, on we pushed, as much lost in the network of lanes, alleys, bazaars, and sheds of bamboo and mud, as a ship without her compass; merely finding our way back again by chance, with the conjectures of an occasional hail from friends. Now we passed through a quiet court into a square with a *tank* amidst it; then into some new crowd, swarming under the hot white light, between the projecting covers of the open shops, dim and shadowy enough within. At intervals a cooler glimpse of air shot through from a passage behind; and once or twice we had to turn back out of a private court, shaded by a cocoa-tree or two, where the green Venetian windows peeped at each other, and perhaps a woman was seen sitting in an apartment. Now and then a white-robed Hindoo crossed with a servant holding the gaudy punkah over his head; and two or three times our susceptibilities were excited by the swift vision of a fantastic palanquin, with jalousies half-closed, in which reclined a young Hindoo girl, whose silver-bangled dusky arm was seen

holding her sandal-wood fan before her eyes. There were book bazaars, and handkerchief bazaars; the 'Old China Bazaar,' and the 'New China Bazaar,' where whole rows of Chinese shoemakers had their names in Chinese, Hindoostanee, and English above their doors. There was a bazaar for cheroots, and a large covered arcade called the 'Shell Bazaar,' devoted to every kind of shells and toys, from the gorgeous conch to an Indian bow and arrows. In one lane, full of courts and compounds, stood groups of dancing-girls ready to exhibit, with gong, tom-tom, and castanet. Through all this incomprehensible flood of Oriental life we at last hove in sight again of the stuccoed brick houses and Flag Street; towards which, in the afternoon, were converging from all directions the stray bands of sailors of every nautical nation. We went into a tavern to get dinner; and such a dinner it was to the youthful eaters of salt junk and hard biscuit! Each of us paid half a rupee (one-and-a-penny), for which we had a roast sucking pig, fowl, pork, beef, and yams; with Cape wine and French brandy at perhaps sixpence a piece. Cheroots and cigars of course were in plenty; and it was in a high-roofed, cool, upper room, earthen-floored, with grass matting; nothing else in it but chairs and table, besides a punkah frame hung from the ceiling, that swung over our heads at dinner, moved by unseen hands. The tall broad window had no glass in it, but was shaded by Venetians, through which the light came up green from the earth of a high terrace almost level to the room. Dinner over, we stepped out upon it amongst flowering shrubs. There was a veranda overhead. On one side the luxuriant branches of a tall tamarind-tree reached up from the ground, on the other a mango and a long-leaved plantain.

When we went out again, we found the court in front of our tavern crowded with English sailors, lounging, drinking, and joking, some of our own crew amongst them. The Calcutta taverns are kept by Portuguese and Jews; our host was of the former nation, and blacker than a Hindoo, his waiters the same. Exactly opposite was another tavern, whose landlord was a Jew; before it there was another throng of seamen, all 'foreigners' and Yankees, who betrayed a natural feeling of rivalry to us Englishmen. Jokes and retorts were exchanged in hailing key across the street, till some of the touchy Americans took offence, and a well-aimed shaddock knocked the pipe out of the mouth of an English foremast-man. This naturally led to an angry altercation and a row; but fortunately, before any mischief was done, a body of armed choikedars came down from the police-office; and having no wish to pass the night in the black hole, I hastened away with my companions.

There is no twilight in India, and the day was brought to a close while we were still loitering about. The sun went down with tropical suddenness. I remember promenading to the end of Flag Street in the dusk, tacking from side to side; now at the glowing red globe in an apothecary's window, now in the shadow of some palace-like building, where I recollected seeing a jackal slink along the dark gutter. We got to the ghât at the river's edge, where it was rushing fast down with the tide, while the large ships turning at anchor stood up in the uncertain glimmer along the water, that sounded upon their bulky sides in the intense hush. The fire-flies danced like sparkles of greenish light under the trees, the river mosquitoes bit insufferably, and the dew was beginning to fall in the chill abundance of an Indian night. So still it was, indeed, that you could hear from the woods of the opposite shore a whole chorus of strange sounds—the chirp, mutter, screaming, humming, and whispering of innumerable creatures, that burst forth as soon as it grows dark: above all, the wild unearthly cry of jackals hunting in the jungle, smothered in the recesses, and distinctly yelling again across the openings. We hailed for a dingy, and got on board at last, after being carried down half a mile from our ship.

Next day we were all busily at work, along with our *Lascars*, in breaking cargo, hoisting it out with the winch, and transporting it alongside to the lighter-boats; while two or three native clerks, in their white cotton dresses, stood noting it down on their tablets. In a week afterwards we had cast from our moorings, and dropping down the river, the spires of Calcutta were speedily lost to our view.

#### LITTLE OLIVIER OF BOULOGNE.

MANY years have now passed since my sister Lucy and I were saved from what appeared inevitable destruction, while we were bathing at Boulogne, by a young fisherman belonging to that place named Jean Baptiste Gélé. He saw us, from the cliffs on which he was walking, carried away by the tide towards the open sea, and with the greatest courage and presence of mind he succeeded, at the risk of his own life, in bringing us back to the shore. What made the fact of his being near us at the time the more remarkable was, that he had been drawn by lot as a conscript, and had received orders to march to Havre the very evening before our accident; but by means of the interest of a relation at the 'Mairie,' he had obtained leave to pass four-and-twenty hours longer in his native place, and had taken a solitary walk along the downs to hide his grief from his family, who were waiting for him to begin the last breakfast they were to partake of together. It was not till the evening of that day that my dear parents discovered to whom they were indebted for the preservation of their children; for although he had accompanied us home with our own servants in the morning, and seen us safe with our mother, he had not waited to tell the story of his heroic conduct; he had hurried back to his own poor old mother, who heard the neighbours in the street cry '*Vive Gélé!*' before she knew what had happened. When some of our party went to the cottage, they found only Catharine weeping over the loss of her son, for he had marched already to join the dépôt.

The next day, Lucy and myself, who had pretty well recovered from the effects of our drowning, and were very anxious to see what could be done for Gélé or his family, set out early for the cottage. It was a bright, lovely morning, like the preceding one, on which we had so nearly looked upon the sun for the last time; the sea, which had then closed over our heads, lay calm and blue before us, and the people were beginning their day's work upon the shore. There were whole families down upon the quay, where the fishing-vessels were drawn up in a long line, some with their sails already nearly set, others with their crews hard at work, and the women and children, who carried the nets and baskets, looked almost as hardy as the men and boys, for they were used to carry the luggage of the passengers who landed from the steamers, and to do a great deal of rough work. We heard such chattering, and screaming, and shouting as we passed, that one might have thought they were all quarrelling instead of taking an affectionate leave of each other; but we soon came to a quieter spot at the farther end of the quay, where a long flight of stone steps led up a narrow street, built in a fissure of the cliff which opened from the downs. The houses were high, and turned their gable-ends to the front; there were fishing-nets hanging over the iron bars that projected from the windows, nets hanging from the lamp-posts, and half-made nets dangling at the doors, so that the whole street seemed garnished with a grotesque imitation of tapestry: children were eating their bread soup out of earthenware pipkins on the steps, and mothers arranging their dwellings; but all stopped in their various employments to look at us as we passed, for they doubtless guessed who we were; and one little girl of about ten years old, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair neatly parted under the pink-checked handkerchief she wore round her head, stepped modestly up to us and offered to show us the house we were probably in search of. Her thick



petticoats were short enough to enable her to run up and down the stairs without the least trouble. She had on a tight-fitting little black jacket, and a very full apron—her whole costume being precisely like that of her mother and grandmother; but we wondered how she could trip along so nimbly in her little clattering wooden shoes, or sabots, as we followed her to the last house at the top of the street.

'Come down, Madame Lomier,' cried our young guide; 'here are the English ladies whom Gélé saved yesterday.'

'*Ma mère!*' exclaimed another voice close to us, but we could not imagine from whence it came.

The room was light, and very neat; a high comfortable bed, hung with red cotton curtains, occupied the recess farthest from the door; a round table stood in the middle of the brick floor, opposite the wood fire, and a bureau by the window; various gaily-coloured prints of the Holy Family and of the Saints were hung upon the whitewashed walls, with some Dutch pipes, an old sabre, and two or three other warlike weapons. We had not time to think again of the man's voice we had heard, for Catharine Lomier immediately appeared, and with the greatest earnestness and simplicity of manners she took our hands in both hers, and thanked God that He had restored us to our mother; and then throwing her apron over her head, she exclaimed, '*Mais moi! je n'ai plus mon fils*'—and burst into an uncontrolled flood of tears. We assured her that we were come on purpose to learn whether it was not possible to procure Gélé's discharge from the service, so as to enable him to complete the studies he had undertaken preparatory to passing his examination as mate in a merchant ship, after gaining which step, he would no longer be liable to being drawn by the conscription. This idea once suggested, Catharine brightened up directly, but expressed her fears that no interest would avail to procure so great a favour as the discharge of a conscript—the regulations of the government regarding such being at that time extremely rigorous. We promised most heartily to spare no pains in the attainment of this object, and then began asking her about the rest of her family. Her first husband had been a pilot, and was taken prisoner on board a French ship during the war, and after many long years of captivity, died in England, leaving her with two boys, Gélé and his brother Olivier, who was in the room.

'But where?' asked Lucy: 'I see no one.'

'Ah, poor fellow!' said his mother with a look of tenderness, 'he always keeps in the background; he dislikes being seen so much.'

At this moment the open door behind me was pushed back, and there, crouching down close to the wall, we beheld a figure that I can only describe to you with difficulty. If you can imagine a young and perfectly intelligent man, paralysed in every limb, trembling in every joint, and utterly unable to do more than drag himself on his hands and feet along the floor, yet evidently feeling acutely the painful effect produced by his appearance, you may have some idea of Olivier. I believe we were neither of us so foolish as to show the surprise and even shock we felt at this extraordinary apparition; but the poor cripple, by some unlooked-for effort, placed himself on a stool by the bureau, and then expressed his own fear lest he should have frightened us. 'When you entered the house,' he added, 'I was just going out, and I would not meet you on the threshold.'

We hastened to assure him that we could only feel pleasure in becoming acquainted with any of Gélé's relations; and by degrees his shyness was so far overcome, as to enable him to converse with us on his own situation. We found that Olivier had been a cripple from his birth, and dependent on the kindness of others for whatever comforts had alleviated his lot: his brother used to carry him out on his shoulders, while he was still a lad himself, to bask in the sun under the cliffs; and his mother and his stepfather Lomier watched over

him with unremitting care, and procured for him all the little amusements they could afford, and he was able to enjoy. But he had to bear the burden of idleness as well as that of suffering. He could do no work, not even that of mending the fishing-nets, and he had never learnt to read, because, as Catharine said, his trembling hands would neither hold a book nor turn a page; besides, she could not read herself, and no one else would have patience to teach him, excepting perhaps his father and brother, who were almost always at sea. This did not appear to us by any means a satisfactory reason for Olivier's being all his lifetime deprived of what might be to him a source of continual pleasure and improvement. We were struck, as we talked with him, by his singular likeness to Gélé: there was the same good outline of features, and the same dark-gray eye; in the one, so full of the determination and the triumph of active life and of self-dependence; in the other, brimming over with sensitive feeling. He had passed the years in which he could be made happy by the sunshine, or in watching the children at play upon the steps; not because these were not still pleasant things, but because there was no sunshine in his heart, and the consciousness of his own separation from his fellows was growing upon him. Lucy and I hastily agreed that it would be quite possible to teach him to read; but what time had we in which to instruct him, even supposing that we were allowed to come daily to the cottage? After our eight o'clock breakfast, we were engaged the whole day with lessons and masters; there was but one hour we could look upon as our own, and half that time would be occupied with the walk, though Catharine assured us she could take us a shorter way home than we had come with our maid. We knew that it must be a long time before any application would be successful on Gélé's behalf, and we were very anxious, during the next two months, to be of some use to his brother, who heard with delight our hope of giving him lessons. The following morning, therefore, with our mother's permission, Catharine Lomier came, soon after six, to escort us to her house. Many years have passed since Lucy and I took those early walks, and many joys and sorrows have succeeded each other in my life; but the recollection of them now brings me a feeling of fresh and buoyant happiness, like that of my childhood; for I then first truly learnt the value of time, and something of what one half hour wisely spent can do for the welfare of a fellow-creature.

Nothing could exceed the zeal with which Olivier applied himself to his new labours; the book was placed on the bureau before him, and by degrees he learned to turn the page himself. We taught him his letters, and left him eight weeks afterwards spelling out the gospel of St John; with infinite patience, too, Lucy taught him to make horse-hair bracelets, which one would at first have thought quite out of the question; but the possibility of his employing himself having once been shown to him, he was fast entering into a new state of being; his countenance had already become bright with intelligence. Instead of sitting in the doorway watching his neighbours, and wishing Rose (for that was the name of the little girl who first took us up the steps) would leave her work and come and talk to him, he now sat there with his book before him, happily engaged himself, and ready to hear with pleasure of her trips to the town with her basket, and of her expeditions with her younger brothers and sisters to the distant parts of the cliffs to gather shell-fish among the rocks; and he now began to consider how he also might be of use in his own little world.

When the following spring came, and we had obtained the boon we sought for Gélé, he and his father-in-law, Jaques Lomier, came over to England for a fortnight, during which time we saw him receive the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society in London in reward for his noble conduct. Numbers of the bravest and the highest-born of our own land were present at the festival, and welcomed the young French sailor with such

hearty congratulations, and such a liberal meed of praise, as might have made many a man vain of what he had done; but when the hall was ringing with acclamations, he hid his face in his hands and burst into tears. Perhaps he thought at that moment how glad his mother and Olivier would have been could they have witnessed his greeting in the country where his father had died, a prisoner of war. We heard with great pleasure that our pupil had improved himself so much during the winter, that he had now begun to give lessons himself. All that long and beautiful summer he assembled his scholars upon the steps I have so often mentioned; they were the children of the neighbouring families, who passed the greater part of their lives at sea, or down upon the shore, and never thought of gaining any education at all, unless, like Gélé, they intended to prepare for taking the command of merchant vessels.

Perhaps during the present disastrous time in France, when all old laws and regulations are broken up, or falling into disgrace, those relating to the seafaring population of Boulogne are changing too; but in the time I have been describing it formed quite a distinct community, in which no intermarriages were permitted with any other class. Lomier himself was a soldier when he first saw the widow of the pilot Gélé, and to marry her he became a sailor, and bore all the hardships of a life to which, till then, he had been wholly a stranger. One of the most curious of their privileges was that of the pilots' wives, four of whom were permitted to dance in the first quadrille of any ball honoured by the presence of a member of the royal family. But besides such state occasions, they had many merry-meetings amongst themselves, in which their national good manners and peculiar costume appeared to great advantage. While Olivier was still only a child, his mother used to carry him to church at Boulogne, and more often to the chapel on the downs, where the sailors' wives were accustomed to pray for their safe return, and for God's blessing on their toil. She used now and then also to take him with her on a donkey to the 'guinguette,' or rustic ball held in the Valley du Denac, at which all their friends and relations assembled; but when he grew older, he became more and more afraid of being seen, and from one year's end to the other, he seldom went farther than the street in which he lived, or the downs just above it.

Rose le Blanc was one of the earliest and most promising of Olivier's pupils, and she soon undertook the duties of an assistant also, for she used to trace the letters upon a large slate with which he taught his scholars, and hold the book from which he read to them; and she saw that Olivier, whom she had pitied so much, was forgetting to think of his own misfortunes in his desire of instructing others. One bright autumn afternoon she came into the cottage leading her sister Thérèse by the hand, to see him before they set off for the long-talked-of 'guinguette.' They both wore their holiday dress, consisting of a black cloth jacket, a scarlet petticoat, and a muslin apron, under which were crossed the ends of the gay neckerchief: on this great occasion they wore stockings with embroidered clocks, and velvet shoes fastened with small steel buckles; Rose wore also her grandmother's long gold earrings and her massive chain, for her mother had these ornaments of her own, and she was the eldest daughter of the pilot Le Blanc; the neatest imaginable little round-eared cap, trimmed with delicate lace, completed her handsome costume. All fluttering with pleasure at the prospect of the fête, and yet almost doubting whether she would not now rather stay with Catharine and her son than leave them alone, she found to her surprise that they likewise were dressed in their Sunday attire. 'Ah,' said she, 'Olivier! I see that you are going again to the fisherman's chapel; how glad I am that you can earn money now to ride there!'

'I shall stop a few minutes *en passant* with my mother at the chapel,' replied Olivier cheerfully; 'but

we are going further still: I have never seen a fête, Rose, since I was a child, and I want to see you and Thérèse, and many of my scholars, dancing on the grass to-day. I should like to see every one around me looking as happy as you do now!'

Rose clasped her hands in delight at this announcement, and her blue eyes glistened with tears. 'Now then, Olivier,' she said, 'the great change has come! though not quite such a one as I used to wish to see.'

'My dear child,' said Catharine quietly, 'what are you talking of? My poor boy is no better; that, you know, is quite impossible.'

'You will laugh at me, Madame Lomier,' answered Rose blushing; 'but it seems to me that Olivier ought now to be changed outwardly as well as inwardly. Oh I wish some kind fairy would touch him with her wand, and make him a handsome young prince at once! But instead of that'— She stopped, and Olivier continued in a lower tone:

'The outward change, Rose, will yet come to me, when this mortal body shall put on immortality; but the work of preparation for that time is wrought by patience, and by love, and by exertion; if not that of active labour, yet that of the spirit; and this change began in me from the day I learnt to read, and tried to help others. You are the little fairy of my life,' he added with a smile of peculiar sweetness, 'and you must promise to dance near me this evening, where I can see you as I sit upon my donkey.'

How gladly Rose promised, and kept her word, and how merrily the long summer evening passed away in the valley, I leave you all to imagine.

#### THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT.

WE congratulate our readers on the passing of an act of parliament to enforce sanitary measures for England and Wales, the metropolis alone excepted. After years of agitation, through the press and otherwise, the public will now have the satisfaction of seeing a law put in practical operation to carry out principles which all, we believe, acknowledge to be correct. The 'Public Health Act of 1848,' as it is called, falls short in some respects of what is desirable; but on the whole it forms a comprehensive and important piece of legislation, and marks a distinct advance in social history. It is matter for regret that private and local interests have prevented the application of the act to the metropolis; but this exclusion cannot be long tolerated; nor can any long period of time elapse before a similar law is extended to Scotland.

We may run over a few heads of the act. The chief management is in the hands of a general board in London, and by this board superintending inspectors are appointed. Towns and districts get the act applied by petitioning the board. When applied, the local management is reposed in the town council, or in a body specially appointed by rate-payers. The local board is to appoint a surveyor, inspector of nuisances, clerk, treasurer, and such other officers as may be necessary, including a legally-qualified medical practitioner, to be the officer of health for the district. With this assistance, the local board is entitled to order the cleansing and making of drains and sewers, and the removal of all nuisances; to prevent houses being erected without drains and all suitable accommodations; to order that houses already built, and defective in drainage, shall be drained and otherwise improved; and to cause all houses to be supplied with water, if it can be done at a cost of twopence a week—which will generally be the case. The local boards have the power of regulating slaughter-houses, and of preventing the establishment of offensive trades. Streets are to be paved and cleaned by order of the boards, where this is not otherwise provided for; and new streets cannot be commenced without due notice being given. The local boards may establish and maintain public pleasure-grounds, erect water-works, and prevent interment in towns or under



churches and chapels. In them likewise is reposed the power of licensing and regulating common lodging-houses. Every such place must be registered; the number of its lodgers is to be specified, and it may be cleaned and ventilated by order of the board. Various minor regulations, all tending to preserve health, and prevent the spread of disease, are included in the act, which extends to 151 clauses, the whole seemingly so clear and intelligible, that we anticipate no difficulty in carrying their provisions into operation. What a splutter will the act make in those places which have hitherto nestled in filth, and resisted all reasonable remonstrance on the score of injury to health!

This useful act, however, cannot do everything. Certain social disorders which it cannot reach will still prevail, and for these some supplementary law will be requisite. We allude in particular to an evil which threatens to overpower all means of remedy, unless it meet with a speedy and efficient check. This is the overrunning of Great Britain by Irish pauper vagrants. Villages and small towns in the most remote localities are suffering under this infliction in a ratio equal to that of large cities. The burden of the irruption is raising the poor-rates to an intolerable degree, and all the ordinary methods of succouring the poor are becoming abortive. If we get up a House of Refuge or Nightly Shelter to afford temporary relief to houseless strangers, the charity is swamped by vast migratory hordes of Irish; if we establish a School of Industry for the purpose of receiving the half-beggar, half-criminal children who crowd our streets, we find we are only attracting ragged families from Rosecommon, and educating and feeding youths who were born hundreds of miles distant. Attempts to repress mendicancy, crime, and disease, are little better than a burlesque, so long as such an inexhaustible fountain of misery is permitted to pour forth its polluting streams over the land. The active humanity of the last few years has greatly aggravated this social disorder. Nothing seemed more praiseworthy or Christian-like than to establish Shelters, to which mendicants seeking alms might be referred, and where they would at least be fed and lodged for one night. No doubt receptacles of this class prevented the scandal of paupers being seen to perish for want. But what is likely to be the consequence?—a circulating population, who beg and carry disease and demoralisation through the country, always assured that they will have board and lodging for nothing at each town they come to. Thus a family of beggars may now make an agreeable country excursion from Edinburgh to the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, taking in Peebles and Selkirk by the way, and then return to town; lodging each night in comfortable harbourages provided by public charity. A person living in town, and not making practical inquiries on the subject, can have no proper idea of the mischief which the schemes we allude to are producing. In the Night Shelter at Peebles, 1440 vagrant paupers, a large proportion being Irish, have been accommodated during the last six months. At this rate, a population greater than that of the town goes through it annually on a sorning excursion; while, as is observed by a local report, the number of persons who apply for alms is as large as ever. But besides those who are admitted to Houses of Refuge, there is a numerous body of vagrants who, preferring a wild independence, take up their quarters at low lodging-houses, where a small payment is exacted. We are glad to observe that the provisions of the Public Health Act reach this class of dwellings, not only odious as a focus of demoralisation, but of contagious distempers; and the law will therefore speedily do what landlords, from a sense of what is due to society, should long ago have done. Yet the frightful evils arising from this source will not be thoroughly assuaged, unless the poor-law and police authorities, seeking, if necessary, new powers, shall put a stop to the influx of begging Irish, and send home those who are in the course of becoming chargeable on Scotch and English parishes. This is, in short, the monster grievance of

the day, and demands earnest and immediate attention. With the question of their own poor England and Scotland can easily grapple; but complicated with a provision for, and supervision of, such hosts of intruders, it becomes altogether unmanageable, and the philanthropist resigns the subject in despair.

#### WILLIAM ALLEN.

WILLIAM ALLEN, one of the most enlightened and untiring philanthropists of modern times, was the son of Job Allen, a silk manufacturer in Spitalfields, and in youth gave promise of that spirit of enterprise for which he was afterwards distinguished. At the age of fourteen he constructed a telescope to assist himself in the study of astronomy; and, as he mentions, not being 'strong in cash,' he contrived to make the instrument of pasteboard and lenses, which cost him a shilling. Homely as was the device, he adjusted the glasses so skilfully, that, to his delight, he could discover the satellites of Jupiter. Chemistry was, however, his favourite pursuit; and even when a child, he made frequent experiments in that science. He possessed good natural abilities, but they were not much cultivated by education, for he was employed in his father's business, to which he devoted himself with diligence and attention until his twenty-second year.

In 1792 he entered into partnership with Joseph Gurney Bevan, in a chemical establishment in London, and now his pursuits were congenial to his tastes. Success attended his professional labours; but his diligence did not by any means prevent his attention to general science, nor obstruct the operation of an earnest philanthropy. William Allen was a member of the Society of Friends, and that is almost saying that his views were practical, and directed to social improvement. Blessed with a kindly disposition and enlarged understanding, he seems from the beginning of his career to have invented and wrought out schemes of human melioration. To do good, not merely to talk about it, was the leading feature of his energetic character. Shortly after beginning business, he, in connection with Astley Cooper, Dr Babington, Joseph Fox, and others, formed a Philosophical Society; and he talks in his diary of 'sitting up all night preparing for lectures and making experiments.' He was introduced in 1794 to Clarkson; and the unity of feeling subsisting between them cemented a friendship which lasted for half a century. Mr Bevan retired from business three years subsequent to the period at which Mr Allen entered the firm, and the young man then became leading partner. He married, and we now see him happy and prosperous: his duties were his delight; and domestic love shed its hallowed influence on his path. Brief, however, was the duration of felicity; for, ten months after his marriage, death deprived him of his amiable partner, and left him with a motherless infant. This sad event for a time so completely unhinged him, that he was unable to continue his favourite pursuits. It did not, however, deaden his sympathies, for in 1797, in conjunction with a Mr William Phillips, he formed what was long known as 'The Spitalfields Soup Society,' to which he gave up all his energies. In March 1798, the name of William Allen appears also on a list of the committee of 'The Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor;' and these societies proved highly beneficial at a time when bread was seventeen-pence-halfpenny a loaf. But his benevolence was not confined to public charities, for he was daily seen entering the abodes of misery, and devoting himself to other

labours of love. It was, however, for a time only that his ardour in the pursuit of scientific investigation was checked; for, two years after, he resumed his labours in that branch of knowledge with renewed vigour. It is not generally desirable for a young man, who is anxious to succeed in one particular department of science, to divide his attention among others; but we can scarcely quarrel with William Allen, though we find him one day with Astley Cooper and Dr Bradley trying experiments in respiration; another with Humphry Davy making discoveries in electricity; on a third, freezing quicksilver with muriate of lime, &c. with his friend Pepys; and on the following, with Dr Jenner and others making observations on the cow-pox. About this time, too, he entered rather deeply into the study of botany, gained some knowledge of drawing, engaged a tutor to assist him in mathematics, improved himself in French and German, and made further observations in astronomy, besides aiding in the formation of geological and mineralogical societies, and becoming a member of the Board of Agriculture, where he gave frequent lectures. From this time his public engagements were so numerous, that we can here only glance at them. We are astonished, as we proceed, to find that a comparatively humble individual, in the course of a brief life, was enabled to accomplish such a vast amount of good as he effected.

In 1801, Mr Allen became a lecturer at the Askesian Society (the name now given to the Philosophical Society before-mentioned). The next year he joined the Linnean Society, and lectured on chemistry at Guy's Hospital. The year following he was elected one of the presidents at Guy's, and by the advice of friends, accepted an invitation from the Royal Institution, of which he was a member, to become one of their lecturers. In 1804 he gave (in the whole) as many as 108 lectures. He had now all but reached the pinnacle of fame, and wealth and honours lay temptingly before him. It is obvious, however, that his object was not self-aggrandisement or worldly applause, but that his motives were purely disinterested; for we find him devoting his property, talents, and health wholly to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. In 1805 he joined the committee formed by Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others for the abolition of the slave-trade. This iniquitous traffic had long drawn forth his warmest sympathies; and when quite young, he made a resolution never to use sugar (which was procured principally by the labour of negroes) until the freedom of the slaves was secured. This enthusiasm continued for forty-three years. Nor was his heart less feelingly alive to the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen. He recognised the claims of 'a man and a brother,' however low he had sunk in wretchedness and vice, and bent his energies to the reformation of the criminal code, especially to the subject of punishment by death. For this object a party of seven gentlemen dined together at his house in Plough Court in July 1808, and formed themselves into a society. The punishment of death was at that time inflicted for very slight offences. In 1813 we find him interesting himself for a young man who, being convicted of jumping in at a window, and stealing certain articles of very little value, was condemned to death. The following is an extract from a letter he wrote to Lord Sidmouth on the subject:—'Shall a person—to whom, be it remembered, society has failed in its duty, by suffering him to grow up in ignorance—for the crime of stealing to the amount of a few shillings, and without any aggravating circumstances, suffer the very same punishment which you inflict upon him who has been guilty of the most barbarous murder, and, in short, endure the greatest punishment which one human being can inflict upon another? To reform the guilty, and to restore them as useful members of the community, is a glorious triumph of humanity, and marks a state rising in the scale of civilisation; but to have no other resource than the punishment of death, reminds me of the miserable sub-

terfuge of a barbarous age, barren in expedients to save, strong only to destroy.' It is gratifying to state that the application was successful. In the same year Mr Allen became treasurer to the British and Foreign School Society; and the affairs of Joseph Lancaster were now in such a state of embarrassment, that a vigorous effort was necessary to prevent this excellent institution from falling to the ground, notwithstanding the indefatigable labours of its worthy founder. His heart was set on this new undertaking, for in his diary he says: 'Of all the concerns that I have anything to do with, the Lancasterian lies the most heavily on my mind.' This school business brought him into frequent communication with different members of the royal family, who had become its patrons. Among these was the Duke of Kent; and his royal highness conceived such a strong regard for him, that he ever treated him as a confidential and attached friend.

In 1813 we find our philanthropist forming fresh plans of benevolence in the erection of savings' banks. To a friend at Bristol he writes: 'Hast thou turned thy attention to the subject of a bank for the poor, in which their little savings of threepence or sixpence a week might accumulate for their benefit? I have consulted Morgan, the great calculator, and he is to sketch me a plan.'

These plans were carried into effect three years after. The same year, from a pure desire to improve the condition of the poor, he united with the schemes which Robert Owen was then carrying out at Lanark. He was urged to this step by the solicitations of his friends; but it subsequently caused him much distress of mind, owing to the very opposite views which he and Mr Owen held on the subject of religion. In the February of 1814, Wilberforce interested Allen and Clarkson for the Lascars and Chinese; and with them sought and obtained permission to visit the barracks at Ratcliff, where two hundred of those unhappy creatures were living in a most deplorable condition. The Lascars' Society was in consequence formed for their relief. Mr Allen also associated himself with the Peace Society; and when the allied sovereigns visited London, a deputation from the Society of Friends presented addresses to them. The address for the emperor of Russia was sent to Count Lieven, and on the day following Mr Allen waited on that nobleman, to make arrangements for its presentation. Greatly to his astonishment, instead of a ceremonious reception, the count was awaiting his arrival in his carriage. Having invited him to enter, he said that the emperor had expressed a desire to attend a Friends' meeting, and proposed that they should therefore embrace the present opportunity. They accordingly drove off to Count Nesselrode's, where the emperor, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the Duke of Oldenburg, and the Duke of Wurtemberg joined them, and they rode together to the nearest meeting-house then open for devotion. The good people were no doubt surprised at this unexpected arrival; but there was no commotion. The strangers took their seats along with the rest of the congregation; and when the meeting broke up, expressed themselves pleased with their visit.

The year 1815 is marked by fresh labours in the cause of benevolence. Allen's ever-active mind now projected an institution for the reformation of juvenile criminals; and in the ensuing year, in the midst of these numerous engagements, he brought out a journal, entitled 'The Philanthropist,' the object of which was to show that each individual may in some measure alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and add to the amount of human happiness. In 1816 he entered upon another new and important sphere of usefulness, which was visits to the different European countries, for the purpose of ascertaining, from personal inquiry, the state of prison discipline, and examining into the subjects of national education, the condition of the poor, and liberty of conscience. After such investigations, he proceeded to the various courts, and made known his obser-

ventions, at the same time suggesting such improvements as were deemed necessary to the case. He was in most instances well received, though he sometimes had to contend with strong opposition from those who thought knowledge too powerful an instrument to be placed in the hands of the mass. He brought forth arguments showing the fallacy of this idea, and proving that ignorance is an insurmountable barrier to the progress of morality and civilisation. He also strongly maintained the rights of conscience, asserting that 'the business of civil governors is the protection of the people in their rights and privileges; but that they have nothing to do in matters of religion, provided that the good order of the community is not disturbed.' The first of these journeys was taken in company with several friends. After crossing to Calais, they passed through Belgium and Holland into Germany and Switzerland. At Geneva Mr Allen experienced a severe shock in the death of his second wife. He deeply felt her loss, and soon after returned to his native land. His second tour was commenced in August 1818. He was then accompanied by Mr Stephen Grellet. Their first mission was to Norway, and from thence they passed into Sweden. At Stockholm they had a private interview with the king, to whom they had previously sent an address on the important subjects before-mentioned. As their salutation on parting was rather uncommon, we will give the account from his diary. 'The king was most kind and cordial. While I was holding his hand to take leave, in the love which I felt for him, I expressed my desire that the Lord would bless and preserve him. It seemed to go to his heart, and he presented his cheeks for me to kiss, first one, then the other. He took the same leave of Stephen and Enoch [friends who were with him], and commended himself to our prayers.' The party then embarked for Finland, and journeyed on to St Petersburg. The emperor was absent when they arrived at the Russian capital; but they were kindly received by the royal family and their court. Alexander returned shortly after, and he showed that his professions of regard when in England were sincere, by receiving them without ceremony, and by treating them with the warmth and confidence of friendship. The following spring they left St Petersburg for Moscow, and after passing through Tartary and Greece, returned home through Italy and France.

A third journey in 1822 was undertaken principally from a desire to interest the Emperor Alexander in the abolition of slavery, and to plead the cause of the poor Greeks. They had several interviews at Vienna, and the emperor entered warmly into Allen's benevolent projects. Alexander was himself going to Verona, and he urged our philanthropist to visit that place. Here again they met—met for the last time on earth. Their parting was touching, for difference of station and the formalities of a court were overlooked in the warm gushing feelings of affection. They continued in conversation for some hours, being, to use his own words, 'both loath to part. It was,' he goes on to say, 'between nine and ten o'clock when I rose. He (the emperor) embraced and kissed me three times, saying, "Remember me to your family; I should like to know them. Ah! when and where shall we meet again!"' Mr Canning had desired the British minister at Turin to make inquiries into the real state of the Waldenses, who were suffering severe persecution. Mr Allen, who had proceeded thither on leaving Verona, agreed to accompany that gentleman into the valleys, and in consequence of the report they gave, some important privileges were granted.

In 1825 he established a School of Industry at Lindfield near Brighton; and about the same time (in conjunction with the late John Smith, M.P.) made trial of a plan he had long had in contemplation—a Cottage Society, now entitled 'The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring-Classes.' He was desirous of introducing this plan into Ireland, and we cannot forbear giving the following amusing letter from Miss

Edgeworth on the subject. After expressing her fears that the scheme would be found impracticable in the present state of the Irish peasantry, she says: 'Your dairy plans, for instance, which have succeeded so well in Switzerland, would not do in this country, at least not without a century's experiments. Paddy would fall to disputing with the dairyman, would go to law with him for his share of the common cow's milk, or for her trespassing, or he would pledge his eighth or sixteenth part of her for his rent, or a bottle of whisky, and the cow would be pounded, and repugged, and repounded, and bailed, and canted, and things impossible for you to foresee—perhaps impossible for your English imagination to conceive—would happen to the cow and the dairyman. In all your attempts to serve my poor dear countrymen, you would find that, whilst you were demonstrating to them what would be their greatest advantage, they would be always making out a short cut—not a royal road, but a bog road—to their own by-objects. Paddy would be most grateful, most sincerely grateful to you, and would bless your honour, and your honour's honour, with all his heart; but he would nevertheless not scruple, on every practicable occasion, to—to—to cheat, I will not say, that is a coarse word—but to circumvent you. At every turn you would find Paddy trying to walk round you, begging your honour's pardon—hat off, bowing to the ground to you—all the while laughing in your face, if you found him out; and if he outwitted you, loving you all the better for being such an innocent. Seriously, there is no doubt that the Irish people would learn honesty, punctuality, order, and economy, with proper motives, and proper training, in due time; but do not leave time out of your account. Very sorry should I be, either in jest or earnest, to discourage any of that enthusiasm of benevolence which animates you in their favour; but as Paddy himself would say, "Sure it is better to be disappointed in the beginning than the end." Each failure in attempts to do good in this country discourages the friends of humanity, and encourages the railers, scoffers, and croakers, and puts us back in hope perhaps half a century. Therefore think before you begin, and begin upon a small scale, which you may extend as you please afterwards.'

In 1826 Mr Allen discontinued his lectures at Guy's Hospital, and his farewell address to the students was printed. It was so beautiful and appropriate, that it would be well if it had a wider circulation. The following year he was married a third time to a widow lady belonging to the Society of Friends. His choice was again a happy one, and tended to gild his declining days. This lady died before him, eight years after their union. He now spent a great part of his time at a small house near Lindfield, in the midst of the cottages for the poor he had been instrumental in erecting. It was his favourite retreat from the fatigue and bustle of public life. He had not, however, finished his career of usefulness. In 1832 he took another journey, which embraced Holland, Hanover, Prussia, and Hungary; and in 1833 he crossed the Pyrenees, and visited Spain for the same objects as before.

We cannot pass over a passage in his history which, though trifling, shows his character as truly as his public acts of benevolence. When upwards of seventy, he was obliged, from weakness, to discontinue those labours which had so long been his delight. To avoid the temptations to impatience often felt after a life of activity, and also with the idea of being useful, he endeavoured to make acquaintance with all the young people in his neighbourhood, and devoted much time to their instruction and amusement; thus, like the setting sun, he shed light and beauty to the last. His health gradually declined, and his death, which was peaceful, took place on the 30th of December 1843.

Few rise to the honours, and fewer still to the usefulness, which William Allen attained. Talent and fortuitous circumstances aided his progress; but the secret of his success was steadiness of purpose and unwearied



industry. His labours were systematic, which prevented either loss of time or confusion; and the strong sense of duty, which was the spring of all his actions, kept him from turning giddy with applause. His life teaches a useful lesson, and his example is not the least benefit he has conferred on the world. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'

## WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

THIRD ARTICLE—BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

It was a curious 1st of November to northerners like us—no fires till the evening, leaves on all the trees, the country in high beauty, and the sun still requiring to be shaded from our eyes by an umbrella, without which protection many of the British inhabitants never stir out during the whole year. Pau now filled fast, fresh families arriving daily. Towards the end of the last month all the French officials had returned to their employments, and now the visitors were all pouring in from the watering-places, and the strangers from a greater distance. The streets soon looked busier, and the English chapel was quite crowded on Sundays. It is the custom for the new arrivals to call on all those they find already established. We had fulfilled our duty in this respect to the few we had found before us; and after we had called at the Mairie and at the Préfecture, we were repaid in kind by a shower of cards falling on our table daily, till the society had exhausted itself. We had a universal acquaintance, owing to a family connexion between us and a Bearnais noble. Rather an odd circumstance prevented my getting immediately into the regular business of visiting, for a business it is, and one very full of ceremonious punctilios.

The very agreeable society of this beautifully-situated town is composed of a great variety of people. There are the members of the local government, a few Parisians in search of health, some Spanish refugees, a Pole or two, a stray Italian, a very superior description of British to those who frequent the small French towns along the northern coast, and a selection from the officers of the regiments in garrison. Much has British money done for this pretty place. Houses for us to live in, shops to provide us with the many necessities we fancy requisite, carriages, doctors, have all sprung up within a very few years by the help of British gold. It would be a melancholy day for this part of France were the many foreign residents ever to take it into their heads to leave it. But this is not likely.

We were attracted to the window one very cold day early in the month by the buzz and tread of a multitude, and looking out, saw the whole street filled by a crowd that put the whole town into a commotion. It was St Martin's day, the great fair of the year. On going out, we found our way lay between rows of closely-set stalls, not only in our own neighbourhood, but in every street and lane almost in the town. The market-place, the space before the Préfecture, before the churches, all other spaces, indeed, were completely occupied by the stalls of the sellers and a mob of purchasers. The Haute Plante, where the barraeks are, was really choked up with horses, ponies, mules, and the necessary attendants upon their sale, many of whom were Spaniards, who came from a distance, even from the plains beyond the mountains, with their spirited merchandise. They added considerably to the interest of this amusing scene, from their picturesque appearance, their commanding air and figure, their dignified manner, and very graceful costume—all, however, best admired at a distance, and behind the wind. They wore breeches open at the knee, and long stockings to meet them, both generally black; a brown or blue jacket, with open sleeves, in some cases ornamented with hanging buttons; a broad red sash round the waist; a turned-over shirt collar, when they had one

to show; and the beautiful sombrero, the brown felt hat with its broad flexible leaf, covering the black hair which fell in glossy lengths upon their shoulders. They walked like stage heroes, with an easy swing of the body when moving, not unlike the spring of our Highlanders; but they are a very much taller race of men. The other commodities to be disposed of in this general mart for all descriptions of goods were for the most part the produce of the country, and such foreign wares in exchange as were likely to be of service to a simple people. The dealers, male and female, sat out in the open air the whole day, though the cold was very severe—a black gloomy frost, and the mountains white to their base. The people never seemed to feel the cold: all winter they sat out, or in their shops with open doors, or in their rooms with open windows; very warmly clad, to be sure, and the women always with chaufferettes to set their feet on, but no fires, except at intervals, in their kitchens; and there they remained, laughing, talking, singing, working, to all appearance quite as comfortable as I was beside my hearth heaped with glowing logs, with my screen, and my rug, and my carefully-closed windows.

The horses brought to this fair of St Martin's were some of them very handsome, though small; they were generally unbroken, and a few looked as if it would not be an easy task to train them. The manufactured goods of the district were remarkable for their excellence. The linen and the knitting I have mentioned; they were quite equalled by the woollens. The blankets were beautiful; very soft, and very thick, and very white; with such handsome bright-red borders, that one of them would have bought the results of a whole hunting season from a North American Indian. The finer stuffs were very superior; the Barèges, made at Luz, the mousselines de laine and de chèvre, the tartans, were all superior to our own fabrics of the same sort. The fine wool of the Pyrenees, dyed in that clear atmosphere, admits of no competition. They were not cheap. Nothing from the loom is cheap in France except broad-cloth for gentlemen's coats. A lady finds the materials of her dress much more costly here than at home, except in the one article of millinery; and yet a woman dresses at less expense here than at home, although a single article the least out of the reigning fashion is never seen upon her. A French wardrobe is so small, it is not good taste to exhibit a daily variety of costume; and everything is of the best, wearing well to the end: no imitation lace, or imitation cambric, or slight satin ever made use of. A degree of attention is paid to the care of all these valuables, which is the only true economy. I would not wish my young countrywomen to devote quite so much earnest thought to the business of the toilette as is the habit of most of their French neighbours, but it would not be unwise to take a lesson from them in their management of small funds for this purpose, or in the propriety with which ages, and seasons, and the sort of entertainments frequented, are attended to in the selection of suitable equipments, and in the refinement of despising all the frippery too successfully recommended to the British fair 'as cheaper than it ever could have been made for the money.' Not that a cultivated taste can altogether approve of French taste in dress. They are too fond of striking contrasts in colours; not always judicious in choosing what is best adapted to face, or figure, or complexion. They too servilely follow the exact pattern of the fashion. I never could reconcile my eyes to yellow bonnets with red ribbons inside of them; but the putting on is so inimitable, the fitting so perfect, the freshness so remarkable, that they all seem to be new out of the dressmaker's hands whenever they show themselves in public. The carelessness of their home *négligé* there is no danger of our ever copying.

Our landlord called upon us about this very cold time, and taught us how to keep very much better fires. We had, with English neatness, made the servants remove the ashes every morning from the fireplace, white-

wash the hearth, sweep all up clean and trim, and lay the wood on between the dogs, with a very tidy absence of all reliques of yesterday. As they sold the ashes to the washerwoman, they made no objection to this troublesome piece of neatness: but how much our English ignorance amused our landlord! He put an immediate stop to the traffic in ashes. He made them bring back all that were in the house, and he heaped them up behind the fire in a perfect bank, there to remain till the size of it should become inconvenient: a thick layer was spread over the hearth in which the logs were bedded; and certainly the degree of warmth thus produced was delightful. It was never cold long together, seldom for more than four or five days at a time, and this not very frequently repeated: the average is about thirty wintry days during the season; and the mornings were very rarely harsh enough to interfere with the early walk my brother and I were fond of taking.

One cold afternoon we walked out to call on some friends who were living in a very prettily-situated country-house. On our way we found all the public-houses very full of company, very loud singing proceeding from most of them. It must have been a holiday, for these merry-makings were not usual. The wine shops are all distinguished by a 'bush,' a real live green bough, hung out over the open door, truly verifying the old saying; for the wine within being the country produce, was very far, indeed, from deserving praise. In a sort of barn belonging to one of these a dance was going on very merrily. The place was nearly filled by decently-dressed peasantry, footing gaily away in the regular figures of a set of quadrilles to a sort of a jig tune played on a fiddle by a man who was perched upon the top of a barrel in a corner. A quantity of straw had been swept up round him, for the double purpose of clearing the floor and keeping the barrel in its place; and the company, perfectly satisfied both with their ball-room and their band, paced away in the very height of good-humour. They were quite unaware for some time of any addition to their own class of spectators, and when they did discover us, they made way at the door to give us a better view of their proceedings. The fiddler at anyrate fared none the worse for this civility. There is something particularly agreeable in the native good-breeding of this whole nation, a charm in mere manner worthy of the study of philanthropists. Our friends were at home, fortunately; for the heat was great toiling up the steep hill under that bright, though wintry sun, even while the air was chilly. We rested a while, and then returned leisurely, intending to have another peep of the happy group we had left dancing. But all were gone. It was like a dream, or the change in a fairy tale. We were hardly sure we had hit the place. Not a soul but ourselves stood beside the doorway, and inside was the straw spread equally over the floor, and four quiet cows lying down to chew the cud upon it.

The next market-day was St Cecilia's, when we attended high mass in the church of St Martin's, for the sake of the music we expected to hear. The altars were all splendidly decorated with flowers and sundry elegant objects, in a manner pleasing to the feelings. I was, however, still more pleased with the blending of all classes of worshippers on the great open floor of the church, instead of putting them into pews according to rank. The orchestra for this occasion was arranged on benches in a semicircle behind the high altar: it was principally composed of the tradesmen of the town, each of whom was a tolerable proficient upon some one instrument, assisted by the military band and a very well-toned organ, remarkably well played by the Spanish organist of the church. A young Spanish priest chanted part of the service in a way that quite surprised us; his voice was fine, his manner equal to it; altogether the music was very creditable. The Spaniards are, it seems, an essentially musical people, possessing native airs of great beauty in several styles. Almost all the population of all ranks throughout Spain play and sing agree-

ably, and where they devote themselves at all to the art, they excel in it. The organist was an admirable teacher, as was also a young Spanish lady of good birth, who had in better days followed her musical studies for her pleasure, and now, expatriated during the troubles, she supported her family by attending pupils. We are not in the habit of thinking the French fond of music, but I believe we are mistaken. They do not like the same style of composition we do, but they enjoy their own thoroughly, and they execute it perfectly well. The tradesmen class are capable of playing well in concert; many of their wives excel on the pianoforte; and the lady and gentlemen amateurs are often very superior performers, and so obliging in making their agreeable talent of use, that there was never any difficulty in society in arranging a band to dance to, all present offering their services in turn, to promote the amusements of the evening, with an engaging readiness which the more adorned their good-nature. There was no attempt at display, no timidity, no trifling; it seemed to be a simple duty to do one's best, and in general it would have been difficult to do better. At the smaller parties there was never any other music than what the company thus produced for themselves. When it went beyond this sociable sort of gathering, the tradesmen of the town were regularly engaged for the balls, and they played with a spirit which proved that they really enjoyed this employment of their leisure. French quadrille music is peculiarly exhilarating, well-selected, and admirably arranged: the dancing is more quietly graceful than we were even prepared for.

The tribute to St Cecilia paid, the church was cleared for a funeral, a side altar only remaining lighted. The coffin was brought in, surrounded by priests chanting a low monotonous sort of dirge, followed by a crowd of mourners, and placed upon tressels while the remaining ceremonies were performing. On quitting the church, the rain began to fall; and while hurrying along, a girl of a humble class, whom I had never seen in my life before, came up to me with such a pretty smile, and in the most graceful manner offered me her red cotton umbrella; as a thing of course, her gown was cotton, mine was silk. There appeared to be no question about my accepting it. I would not, for both our gowns, have pained her by a refusal. Whether it were this sudden shower after the heat of the crowded church, or the many changes of weather which I had neglected properly to guard against, I know not, but the *grippe*, our dreaded influenza, seized me. I thought myself very ill, but the maids laughed at me. They promised a complete cure if I would follow their prescription; and as my own let-alone plan had not answered, I tried theirs. It was very simple: a foot-bath of hot water poured on wood ashes, the softest emulsion ever compounded, and a tisane of thin gruel and brandy—it was quite effectual. I was perfectly well in the morning. These tisanes, with or without brandy, according to the nature of the ailment, were the principal medicines used here for all complaints, and as they supersede for the time any other nourishment, they probably answer the purpose in ordinary cases.

My happy recovery on the brandy and ashes was an auspicious moment for our two maids to announce to us, which they did very prettily, that they were going on a party of pleasure. They never asked leave, but appeared before me ready dressed within a short period of the time they expected a carriage to call for them, to take them and others to the country-house of a French gentleman, who had given his servants leave to invite a party of friends to spend the afternoon there. They were sure Madame, who was so kind, would never refuse them this little pleasure. Monsieur gave the *fête*, and provided the conveyances, and had certainly made a number of people very happy, and merry too, judging from that section of the company which left our courtyard. Our ladies were in full dress. Made-moiselle Louise wore a pretty cap with pink ribbons,

and a black silk apron; Mademoiselle Joséphine had a silk handkerchief round her head, and a silk shawl upon her shoulders, and a new striped apron with very large frilled pockets in it. Luckily for us we had friends glad to give us our dinner, so we had none of us cause to regret the holiday. These parties are not very common in the French houses, but amongst the servants of the British residents they are far too frequent. An eternal round of dissipation is going on among them, which made me rejoice I had brought no maid with me to be spoiled for my quiet English home. In the upper ranks the society was too small to allow of an incessant course of parties, and the rooms were too small to admit of large numbers in them. With a few exceptions, twenty or thirty people quite filled an ordinary drawing-room; the evening reunions were therefore more sociable than brilliant, the refreshments very inexpensive, the amusements a little carpet-dancing and cards. Whist and *ecarté* were the games generally played; but a good deal of gambling went on even among the ladies, who played much, and high, some of the younger ones preferring cards to dancing. They were married of course: very few unmarried girls are taken out into company, though this is more frequently done now than in former days, and I heard the innovation was approved of.

Some of the English gave dinners in the English style; very heavy affairs I thought them; but they were much approved of by the French, especially when fine capons from the north, or a salted round of beef, were produced at them. The cooks at Pau are good; the best have been taught at Bordeaux, and they manage all the meat part of the dinner very well. The little bits they buy for their dishes, and the singular delicacies they seek after, are odd to us. Calf's brains was a favourite *entremet*; tripe, admirably dressed, another. They bring home two slices of ham, a quarter of a pig's cheek, three ribs of a neck of mutton, never preparing for any to remain over, cold meat not being liked by the French. The fish was very good; brought from Bayonne most of it, and well dressed, except the red salmon, which was spoiled by my taste by the quantity of olive oil poured over it. The pastry and other confectionary rather disappointed us: there was no great variety in it, and it had always to be bought in from the shops, few of the cooks understanding that department, their skill extending no further than custard creams in cups—a sort of hot cake—and a plumpudding! made from an English receipt, and without which no dinner is ever given. Coffee, without milk, is always handed round after dinner.

The préfet having an allowance for the purpose of entertaining the town, had a reception every Monday evening, and two great balls during the season. One or two other balls took place in commodious apartments; and the commanding officer gave one to the garrison, to which every officer, with his wife, was invited, and a few of his private acquaintance besides. There were more pretty women at this gay and very pleasant assembly than we had noticed any other where. French men are in general very handsome, and their manner adds very much to their attractions: they are so quiet, so self-possessed, they can always command words to pay their little compliment, or to make their pertinent answer; and their attentions to our sex, of whatever age, are so respectfully obliging. The manner which in our own country belongs only to the very highest rank, is here characteristic of the nation. The charm it throws over daily intercourse is indescribable. The women possess less personal beauty—they want height and shape in figure, and outline in features—neither is their manner so agreeable as one less studied; but their powers of conversation are surpassing; they are animated without pertness, clever without pedantry, lively without being frivolous, and they have a particularly graceful way of saying what is pleasing. The Monday evenings at the Préfecture were very amusing—seldom more than forty people, who were all set down to seve-

ral small tables to tea on their arrival. The occupations of the company proceeded afterwards in a matter-of-course fashion, the consequence of pre-arrangement, which prevented the least appearance of fuss—an indecorum that would have been insupportable to these well-bred people. When there was dancing, the ladies and gentlemen played in turn, the quadrilles having been numbered beforehand, with the performers' names attached, and laid on the pianoforte, where all could see their parts. Simple refreshments, cakes, and syrups, were handed about; and before separating, chocolate and rum punch were offered. A ceremonious habit of assigning to a lady for the evening the seat she has been first conducted to, produced a degree of stiffness unsuited to our more erratic habits; yet it has its advantages, as we were thus always sure of a resting-place after any short excursion, by merely leaving a deposit on the vacant chair. I was much diverted on the first evening of our attendance by the manners of a very fine little girl, a child about seven years of age, or maybe more—they are so little, so slight, compared with our children. She belonged to a relation of the family on a visit to them. I noticed her a good deal, she was so intelligent, so perfectly at her ease, replying to my observations with a tact many British young women beyond their teens would give the world to possess in equal apparent simplicity. All this interested me. What amused me was a different thing. She became so familiar, that at last, taking a gentle pinch of my gown, and looking up in my face with a most engaging smile, 'Ah,' said she, raising the tiny eyebrow with a little knowing nod, 'velours de soie!' When would a little English girl have begun to make her observations on such a subject?

At the balls, when the town band was engaged, a considerable degree of trouble was taken to make the evening pass off well. I will describe a ball at a French house, which, all things considered, was the best-managed of all we attended. On ascending the stairs, I was shown by a maid into a small room, containing every requisite for rearranging any accident to a dress which might be slightly discomposed. After throwing off my shawl, I was handed over to Monsieur, who received me at the door of the anteroom, and with his arm took me to Madame, by whom I was placed in an arm-chair, among other lady friends, in the middle room of three all open to company. Dancing went on in the outer room; the one I sat in was used for lounging in between the dances; the inner one was devoted to cards; it was Madame's bedroom, but in all respects furnished as a drawing-room, with the single exception of the bed: this was in the style now common with ourselves—a sofa with a canopy over it. The curtains and coverlet were of silk, and there were inner curtains of muslin, trimmed with lace. Several handsome cabinets were in this room, some old china, and two valuable paintings. Refreshments were handed round during the whole evening in much profusion on large silver waiters. There were dried fruits, ices in small glass saucers, and rum punch immediately afterwards, in addition to the ordinary list. The rum punch was in great request. Rum seems to be in high favour with the French. We never went anywhere without meeting it in some shape or other. At the dinners it was put into the jellies, and half the *bonbons* were indebted to it for their flavour. The company ate and drank incessantly; few of the various services were 'noddled away.' Just before breaking up, cups of chocolate, of rice and milk, and gravy soup, were presented, and very freely partaken of. The rooms were crowded, yet little confusion occurred, owing to the custom of numbering the *contre-dances*, and calling out the number on a new one being formed, when the partners, who have their engagements regularly entered on the tablets hanging from their wrists, find each other out with little difficulty—the ladies, whether married or single, always resuming their seats between the dances. There was very little parading for change of



air, no march for refreshments, these being perpetually handed about, and no introductions, the host and hostess being considered responsible for the respectability of those they invited, and of course incapable of bringing together guests who would be unsuitable. Any gentleman may therefore ask any lady to get up and dance with him; but if she be unmarried, he must bring her faithfully back, at the conclusion of their engagement, to the side of her chaperone. The host and hostess are incessant in their attentions to all assembled: half an hour never passed without a visitor finding himself addressed either by Monsieur or Madame in the way most calculated to leave an agreeable impression; for this unvarying politeness is quite an art. The French women were all prettily dressed—the younger ones, whether married or single, very simply, in light materials, with flowers. The Spanish ladies were more magnificent: the jewels worn by some of them were very costly.

There were no public amusements in Pau. There was a club for the gentlemen, which met in a large room over the market-house; but there was no established theatre—no concerts, except a very few given by a private society formed of the musical tradespeople, and such ladies and gentlemen as felt themselves capable of affording pleasure by joining the orchestra. A committee of management took the direction of these concerts, and generally contrived to engage the assistance of some professional star, to give a brilliancy to the performances. The tickets were presented to the audience by the members, who made up a small subscription among themselves to defray the expense of the lighting. The music was not first-rate, but the instrumental part was quite creditable. The stars were the least agreeable part of the entertainment to me—they were generally pianoforte players, educated at the Academy in Paris, and for the sole purpose, apparently, of astonishing, by the rapidity of their execution. This fashion of overloading a fine air with a variety of brilliant passages, equally applicable to any melody, partakes too largely of the wonderful to please an ear formed on the purer style of the old and severer masters. It is too much a mere display of the agility of the fingers: there is nothing satisfactory in the effect produced. It may be well to possess the power of commanding the instrument so perfectly; and in private, performers are right to study passages of difficulty; but the extraordinary combinations of noise and dexterity so characteristic of the new school, give little pleasure to lovers of true harmony.

#### POPULAR ERROR RESPECTING EATING FRUIT.

In the last quarterly return on the state of public health, some notice is taken of the common notion that dysentery, and other diseases of the sort, are occasioned at this season by eating fruit. That it is an error, is established by the fatality of these diseases to infants at the breast, to the aged, to persons in prison and public institutions, who procure no fruit, and by many such facts as the following, reported about the middle of the last century by Sir John Pringle in his classical account of the diseases of the campaign in Germany:—Nearly half the men were ill or had recovered from dysentery a few weeks after the battle of Dettingen, which was fought on the 27th of June 1743. The dysentery, the constant and fatal epidemic of camps, began sooner this season than it did in any succeeding campaign. Now, as the usual time of its appearance is not before the latter end of the summer or the beginning of autumn, the cause has been unjustly imputed to eating fruit in excess. But the circumstances here contradict that opinion; for this sickness began and raged before any fruit was in season except strawberries (which, from their high price, the men never tasted), and ended about the time the grapes were ripe; which, growing in open vineyards, were freely eaten by everybody. To this add the following incident:—Three companies of Howard's regiment, which had not joined us, marched with the king's baggage from Ostend to Hanau, where, arriving a night or two before the battle, and having orders to stop, encamped

for the first time at a small distance from the ground that was afterwards occupied by the army. These men had never been exposed to rain or lain wet; by this separation from the line they were also removed from the contagion of the privies; and having pitched close upon the river, they had the benefit of a constant stream of fresh air. By means of such favourable circumstances, it was remarkable that, while the main body suffered greatly, this little camp almost entirely escaped, though the men breathed the same air, the contagious part excepted, ate of the same victuals, and drank of the same water. This immunity continued for six weeks, until the army removed from Hanau, when these companies joined the rest, and encamping in the line, were at last infected, but suffered little, as the flux was then so much on the decline. Fruit, potatoes, and green vegetables are essential parts of the food of man; and it is only when taken to excess that, like other articles of diet, they disorder the stomach.

#### AN INDEFATIGABLE TEACHER.

In the commencement of this century, in the parish of Alsace, which contains 600 or 700 inhabitants, there was a teacher who, of his own accord, had organised his school very much in the manner I have been describing. I received my own first instruction from him, and what I have now to say—inspired by gratitude as much as by the desire of being useful—is only the faithful expression of my remembrances. The grave has long covered the mortal remains of James Toussaint, but his memory lives in the hearts of his pupils, who never pass his tomb without experiencing the greatest emotion, and bowing with respect. His school consisted of 120 pupils; the teacher, a descendant of one of the numerous Protestant families who had taken refuge in Alsace, had not received any other education than was then given in ordinary schools. He had learned the trade of joiner, and wrought at the Ban de la Roche, where a worthy rival of the pastor Oberlin, struck with his capacity and vocation for teaching, gave him lessons and excellent advice, and placed him at the head of a school, where, under his direction, he was initiated in the profession of teacher. From that position he was called to the one whose organisation I am now about to describe. Early in the morning—from five to seven in summer, and from six to eight in winter—he instructed the pupils in the first division: those from twelve to fourteen years of age. After them came the others in assembled classes, who received four hours' teaching each day. At five o'clock in the evening he held what he called the French school, which was a sort of innovation—French not being generally taught in Alsace at that period. After the school for French, at which a considerable number of adults attended, there was in winter, from seven to nine, an arithmetical class for young persons; and thus did this indefatigable man teach ten hours a day in winter, and eight hours a day at least throughout the year. Nor was this all; there were, besides, about ten children from ten to fourteen years of age, who, in order to be more thoroughly instructed, spent the whole day in the school-house, under the superintendence of the teacher and his wife, who assisted him greatly in his undertakings. By degrees he formed a sort of boarding-school at his own house, and something like a normal school, from which came many distinguished teachers, some of whom still live. Toussaint was also organist and notary of the mayoralty, and fulfilled all his duties with the greatest fidelity. When I add that this energetic man was a prey to a painful malady, arising from no fault of his, but from a defective organisation, which every day at the same hour caused him great suffering, it will be seen what can be effected by means of few materials, and even little science, provided that zeal is joined with some ability, and, above all, with love of one's vocation. The career of Toussaint was short: he died in 1811, scarcely forty years of age; but his work survives in his pupils, in the generation he has formed.

—*Willm on Education.*

#### WORK OR LEARN.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant-Governor Phillips of Andover, Massachusetts, was a student at Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he quitted the university and went home. His father was a grave man, of sound mind, strict judgment, and of few words. He inquired into the matter, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife, 'My dear, have you any tow-cloth in the house

suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?" She replied "Yes." "Well," replied the old gentleman, "follow me, my son." Samuel kept pace with his father as he walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask, "What are you going to do with me, father?" "I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied his father: "take your choice: return to college, or you must work." "I had rather return," said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.—*Louisville (U.S.) Presbyterian Herald.*

## VOICE OF THE TENCH.

In the spring of 1823 I received from a friend a brace of very fine tench just taken from the water. They were deposited by the cook in a dish, and placed upon a very high shelf in the larder, a room situated between the dining parlour and cooking kitchen. On the following midnight, whilst writing in the dining-room, to which I had removed in consequence of the extinction of the fire in the library, my attention was suddenly excited by a deep, hollow, protracted groan, such as might be supposed to proceed from a large animal in extreme distress. It was twice or thrice repeated; and all my efforts to discover the source of the alarming sound were ineffectual. At length my ear was startled by a loud splash, succeeded by a groan more deep and long-continued than those which I had previously heard, and evidently proceeding from the larder. Inspection of that room at once explained the mystery. One of the fishes had sprung down from the shelf on the stone floor, and there lay with mouth open, and pectoral and ventral fins extended, and uttering the sounds by which my midnight labours had been so unexpectedly interrupted. Next day both fishes were cooked for dinner; and such is the tenacity of life in the tench, that although thirty hours had then elapsed since their removal from their native element, both fishes, after having undergone the processes of scaling and evisceration, sprang vigorously from the pot of hot water when consigned to it by the cook.—*Communicated by Dr Shirley Palmer.*

## CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

I cannot help taking notice of an opinion which many persons entertain, as if the taste were a separate faculty of the mind, and distinct from the judgment and imagination: a species of instinct by which we are struck naturally, and at the first glance, without any previous reasoning, with the excellencies or the defects of a composition. So far as the imagination and the passions are concerned, I believe it true that the reason is little consulted; but where disposition, where decorum, where congruity are concerned—in short, wherever the best taste differs from the worst, I am convinced that the understanding operates, and nothing else; and its operations are in reality far from being always sudden, or when they are sudden, they are often far from being right. Men of the best taste, by consideration, come frequently to change their early precipitate judgment, which the mind, from its aversion to neutrality and doubt, loves to form on the spot. It is known that the taste (whatever it is) is improved exactly as we improve our judgments, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise. They who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly; and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any sudden irradiation that in a moment dispels all darkness from their minds. But they who have cultivated that species of knowledge which makes the object of taste, by degrees and habitually, attain not only a soundness, but a readiness of judgment, as men do by the same methods on all other occasions. At first they are obliged to spell, but at last they read with ease and with celerity; but this celerity of its operation is no proof that the taste is a distinct faculty. Nobody, I believe, has attended the course of a discussion which turned upon matters within the sphere of mere naked reason, but must have observed the extreme readiness with which the whole process of the argument is carried on, the grounds discovered, the objections raised and answered, and the conclusions drawn from premises, with a quickness altogether as great as the taste can be supposed to work with; and yet where nothing but plain reason either is or can be suspected to operate. To multiply principles for every different appearance is useless, and unphilosophical too in a high degree.—*Burke.*

## THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

[From 'Glimpses of the Beautiful, and other Poems, by James Henderson,' a volume exhibiting a good deal of elegance both of language and sentiment.]

EACH at the dawn uprears its silver chalice,  
When day-spring ushers in the dewy morn—  
Gems that make bright the sweet sequestered valleys,  
Day-stars that mead and mountain glen adorn!  
God said 'Let there be light!' and lo, creation  
Shone forth with smiles emparadised and fair,  
Then man had Eden for a habitation,  
And ye, bright children of the spring, were there!

Ye came to bless the eye when sin had clouded  
The glorious earth with ruin pale and wan;  
Ye came to cheer the heart when sin had shrouded  
With peril dark and dread the fate of man!  
Ye came to whisper with your living beauty  
A lesson to the hearts that doubting stray;  
To win the spirit to a trusting duty,  
And guide the wanderer's steps in wisdom's way!

What though your accents, gentle, sweet, and lowly,  
Unto the silent ear no sound impart?  
Ye whisper words all eloquent and holy,  
To wake the finer feelings of the heart!  
Meekly ye tell your emblematic story  
Of the Creator's love with pathos true,  
For Solomon, with all his pomp and glory,  
Was ne'er arrayed like any one of you!

Ay, ye have lessons for the wise, revealing  
Truths that proclaim Jehovah's bounteous love;  
And wisdom then grows wiser, nobler, feeling  
How all that's good descendeth from above!  
Ye touch the thoughtful soul with pure emotion,  
When contemplation doth your beauties scan;  
Ye fill the heart with calm, serene devotion,  
And breathe a moral unto erring man!

## INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.

Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—*Politics for the People.*

## THE KINDLY GERMANS.

'Gellert's Fables,' says a memoir of that writer, 'appeared between the years 1740-1750—a time of literary drought in Germany. They were received everywhere with enthusiasm, and soon became the book of the nation. By their means Herr Gellert made his way into every heart in every family of all classes and conditions. They gained for him not cold admiration merely, but glowing cordial love. The substantial proofs which he received of this affection were not few; and the nature of the gifts frequently bespoke the *naïveté* of the givers. For instance, one severe winter day a countryman stopped before his house with a huge wagon, drawn by four stout horses. It was loaded with well-seasoned firewood, ready split for use. On being asked its destination, he replied that it was for Gellert.—"For I shall feel more comfortable," he said, "when I am certain that the poor poet, who amuses us well while we sit in the warm chimney of an evening, has the means of warming himself well also."'

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